COMIX WORLD 126. August 1, 1979. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707, All Rights Reserved. Subs: $10 for 48. Ads: $5 up. All back issues $25. Logo by Eric Vincent, creator of CERBERUS COMICS.

ERIC VINCENT

"I got shuttled all over the place after a divorce when I was a couple of years old. People would keep me, get tired of me, and send me back to my Dad and stepmother. Then the legal hassles would start again and I'd be off with my crazy mother or whoever for another round. It finally stopped when I was nine, and I stayed with my Dad in Louisiana. He teaches at the University of Southwestern so I had a very liberal and literate upbringing . . . waking up to opera and all that. But by then I had learned how to be alone, and you don't unlearn that. That, coupled with a stepmother who drove me to excel and for whom excellent is not enough, made me a pretty weird kid. Every other kid on the block terrorized me, beating me up because I was a "brain". All through high school I was in the science fair. I always won at State and had a trunk full of medals. I was president of the science club, founded a creative writing society and magazine and did strips for the school paper.

Problem is, I thought that if I did great things the other kids would like me, never realizing that that just goaded them on. Kind of a vicious circle of achievement and harassment. I was shy and had zero ego, so I just kind of took it all lying down, which I guess pissed them off all the more, not getting a reaction and all.

My friends, a curious lot to be sure, would go out on weekends and spend time at our observatory, go on field trips, or rap on all kinds of metaphysical things. High School was hell, so while our peers back seat wrestled, drank and did the car thing, we marked time with an intelligent English teacher we had. Honest to God he kept us together our senior year. We'd sit in his class room before school and listen to classical music. It was through him I began to notice cultural things. Even though I was surrounded by these things at home, they really hadn't made much sense to me until we spent numerous evenings at his house, drinking tea, munching crackers and hearing about Beethoven, Ouspensky, C. S. Lewis, Twain, learning to meditate and think. Still no great interest in art though; when I went to USL I majored in Zoology.

During high school I was intensely lonely, so I spent a lot of time working on my science fair projects. For several years I was involved with Anoles, the small green lizards that people mistakenly call chameleons. I built mazes, did behavioral work with rubber lizards, studied their color change, watched them fight their territorial battles and over the years preferred their company to that of people. I'd lock myself in my room whenever my stepmother was on the rage about something and just watch them. You know how the high school years are charged physically, sexually and emotionally as you try to live through puberty. And in that process of being/becoming I developed the kind of physical attachment for lizards that I know some of my friends have for '57 Chevys. My junior year a friend gave me a paperback collection of college strips edited by Harvey Kurtzman and when I saw Bode's Masked Lizard strip I flipped out. My last 2 years of high school I did a strip called Terrible Terrapin and I swiped from Bode a good deal.

By the time I was a senior in Zoology in college, my interest in art and science really had me split. Finally, I couldn't take all the structural crap and I changed to advertising design. During the 7 years I was in school I supported myself entirely with signwork, carpentry, running a local magazine and when I finally got into advertising, an agency job. For several years it was the real starving artist trip, eating anything I could find and not eating for days.

I found out about undergrounds in '70, pretty late. I was super straight until about 21, then the hair grew to my back and I started getting outwardly weird. Didn't try dope until about two years ago. It was too damn similar to my normal state of mind to keep me interest. It's enough my sensations are so intense and confused . . .I should give up what control I have, too? I can't smoke (I'm a runner) so did brownies. . .which are still nice occasionally for intense feelies and

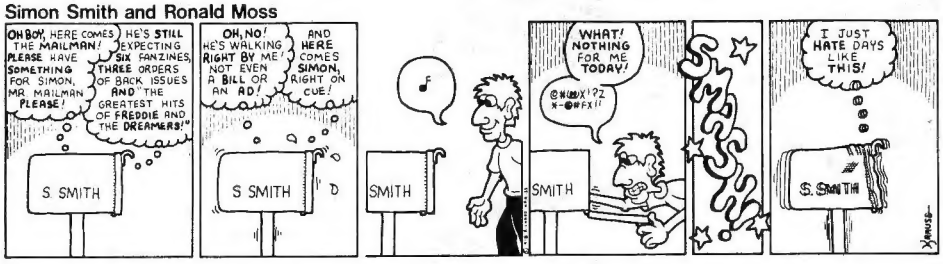
My Bonkers strips came the last few years of college and gradually, they got weirder, and I got more scattered. I was already a perfectionist, poor at relating to women, and when I got into the pressure of advertising class with the staying-up-for-a-whole-week trips to do an annual report or painting or pop-up children's book I was ready for the suicide trip. How can you describe the 100 hour burn as you push to finish, rat-wheel confusion brain fever kick and scream tantrum while you're so outwardly cool? You don't fit your body anymore and the slightest sound makes you cringe shake sweat. I didn't speed to make those hours. I did it on will power. No sexual release either, 'cept the eternal fist. Being fairly handsome, girls would make passes (shit, boys, too, g'ddammit) but in my confusion I couldn't respond. Oh, well, let's just say that a psychologist friend caught me in time and, if not curing me, made the pieces flexible enough to last. Gave me some semblance of an ego, too.

Read Borrowed Time like you were living it, and you can see the kind of things that go on in my head. And that story is extremely polite compared to what I want to put down on paper the next few years. I hate the forces of conformity (Jesus freaks, Disco, cities, cars, McDonalds) but learned several years back that I could benefit greatest by wearing a fairly straight skin. My jeans, work shirt and decent hair. Why waste energy looking weird when you can save it for creative energy, being weird? Am just not getting to where what others think about me doesn't matter. Finally drawing pussies and tits and fleshing my intellectual discontent with my characters. Maybe I can finally draw the things I've looked at and admired in Todd, Bode (yes!), Wilson, Crumb, Moscoso, and the galaxy of talent that confines itself to 6 x 9 newsprint pages of the undergrounds.

Politics? My mailman must think I'm a schizophrenic; I get my NOW newsletters, ERA and NARAL material, my ACLU stuff along with my Fredericks catalogues, Playboy, fuck movie/book come-ons and my Smithsonian, Natural Science, etc etc. I guess I'm so consumed by the inner motion of trying to balance/analyze facets of every issue that the only political opinions I have are that people should be left alone, that there should be far less of us, people who rape the earth should be

BINKERS
AN INTERCOLLEGIATE PLAY OF DOUBTFUL SIGNIFICANCE
#2 1/16/75
AS YOU REMEMBER, WE LEFT OUR TWO PROFESSORS ENGAGED IN A LIVELY DISCUSSION.
GRRR... I NEED A CHASER...
I INSIST DOCTOR, I... UH, GENEROUSLY CONCEDE MY HALF TO YOU...
CERTAINLY NOT. I... DON'T DESERVE CREDIT FOR THIS FINE... EFFORT. HE'S YOURS.
WIGGLE WIGGLE
OH GOD... HE'S COMING CLOSER... HE'S GOING TO...
HURT US!
OH... OH NO, PLEASE. KING'S X'S... TIME OUT... IK, IK, IK!!
HE WANTS US... TO SIGN HIS DROP-ADD CARD!!
WHAT? HOW ABSURD!! MONSTER OR NO... HE WAITS IN LINE LIKE THE REST OF THE STUDENTS!
ERRR...
ERIC VINCENT
MADE BY MATTEL
SORRY, THE COURSE IS CLOSED. I ALREADY HAVE 32 STUDENTS
SHUT UP... IT'S NOT FUNNY... JUST SHUT UP!
HAW, HAW... HE WANTS TO ADD YOUR COURSE.
GRRRODWNL
EYAH! FER GOD SAKE, SIGN
NO... NEVER!!!
BASH GRUNCH POW
PLEASE... WE CAN OPEN ANOTHER SECTION! SIGN! SIGN!!!
NO!! IT'S NOT FAIR!
SMASH SMASH SMASH SMASH
OH WELL, IT'S TOO LATE FOR DROP-ADD ANYWAY...

Simon Smith and Ronald Moss


OH BOY, HERE COMES THE MAILMAN! PLEASE HAVE SOMETHING FOR SIMON, MR. MAILMAN PLEASE!
HE'S STILL EXPECTING SIX FANZINES, THREE ORDERS OF BACK ISSUES AND THE GREATEST HITS OF FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS!"
S. SMITH
OH, NO! HE'S WALKING RIGHT BY ME! NOT EVEN A BILL OR AN AD!
AND HERE COMES SIMON, RIGHT ON CUE!
S SMITH
SMITH
WHAT! NOTHING FOR ME TODAY!
@%#@X!?2 *-@#FX!!
SMITH
I JUST HATE DAYS LIKE THIS!
S. SMITH

NEWS . . . From Richard Krauss, FUNNY PAPER 2 with work by him, Gary Whitney and Bob Vojtko. 50¢ 4333 NE 29th Av, Portland, Ore 97211.* HONKYTONK SUE came riding out of the blue, a great funny working cowboy look at life, the first alternative comic I've seen from Arizona. This is a regular sized book with 4-color cover and fine artwork. $1.75 pp from Bob Boze Bell, 707 W. Mackenzie, Phoenix, AZ 85013. Bell drew the art and the shot below is from a section called Honkytonkers. Git your self a copy!* IMAGINE 6 and STAR*REACH 17 are out, both in Mike Friedrich's new magazine format, a pair of nice s-f futuristic books.* A Lee Marrs story in the August HEAVY METAL. Alex Tamsula's COLLAPSIBLE CARTOON UNIVERSE is 75¢ from him at R. D. 2, Box 66, Blairsville, PA 15717 and it's one you mini-comix collectors will want (though it's over 8 1/2x11" in size).* A rare appearance by Floyd Gottfredson at Bay Con. I hope to have pix and a story on this in a coming issue. Gottfredson was the man who did the great 30s Disney strip on Mickey Mouse. It's his style O'Neill used in that Mouse Communique in Co-evolution Quarterly. If you have been wondering how the Disney Corporation keeps tabs on the enigmatic O'Neill, it's simple: Disney fans have been watching Dan draw at the conventions and writing letters about it to the Disney lawyers. The fan as fink.* A copy of FOUR-BIT FUNNIES 4 is a buck from Valentino, 11900 Oertley Circle, Garden Grove, CA 92641. Only 100 copies exist. -Clay Geerdes

With "Popeye," "Dick Tracy" and "Flash Gordon" in various stages of preparation for the screen, it is scarcely surprising that Columbia Pictures plans a film version of another long-running cartoon strip. It is "Alley Oop," the comic adventures of a caveman, which have been appearing since 1933.

. . . Atty. Mike Stepanian is playing a character almost as fictitious as himself in "Where the Buffalo Roam," a $4 million film being filmed here, in part. It stars Peter Boyle as a dope lawyer, and hot-hot Bill Murray, of "Saturday Night Live," as Hunter S. Thompson, the "Uncle Duke" character in the comic strip "Doonesbury"

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destroyed and maybe lizards should be elected God.

Well, having found a girl as weird as me 4 years ago, I'm now married and have moved to Houston for a front row seat for the fall of Western Civilization. I would like to stage a demolition derby featuring old Presidential limosines and want to get a piece of land to build my dome, gardens and strange elder God statuary on. I have an animated film I want to do, a consuming, convoluted horror piece of psychological decay. I want to utilize the underground format to the fullest, combining consumate draftsmanship with intellectually stimulating studies of the horror of the "human condition", violence, sexuality along with humorous stuff. I want to have my cats and lizards around me and good friends to argue the existential realities of coat pocket lint, listen to The Who, Lou Reed, the Stranglers, Beethoven, Mussorgsky (definately!), Keith Jarret and Richard Strauss. I love 30's and 40's cartoons and Disney's Pinocchio, which probably was not produced on this planet or ever matched again

Saturday Night Live is boring, the info page for Playboy's fold-out is an insult, I like smelling cat feet, running long distances (1¾ up to 10 miles), Death of a Salesman, Twain's Mysterious Stranger, diving muff, whale songs, and fig newtons. Quadrophenia is a cultural landmark, flawed but still genius. Polanski can have all the young girls he wants as far as I'm concerned if he produces more films like The Tenant. Ken Russell is at his best in The Devils and I like Bergman's Hour of the Wolf and Cries and Whispers. Viewers should commit themselves to a piece of art, participate in it, live it. How can people come out unchanged by A Long Day's Journey Into Night? Snicker at the end of Man For All Seasons? Not cry when Willy dies in Salesman? It's tiresome to see most people treat theatre, music, and art like a Sunday drive, something to amuse and keep the neurons from freezing up completely, just part of the general spectacle that tries to hide the ticking of the clock.

7-8-79

WHY, IT'S FENTON LUDWIG, THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR! I READ ABOUT YOU IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTION! YOU'RE IN TOWN CASTING ROLES FOR A NEW FILM THAT YOU PLAN TO SHOOT HERE, RIGHT? WELL YOU KNOW, I'VE DONE QUITE A BIT OF ACTING BACK IN MY COLLEGE DAYS! I WAS A DRAMA MAJOR, AND...
HELLO, FOLKS! I JUST FLEW IN FROM THE COAST, AND BOY— ARE MY WINGS TIRED! HA-HA-HA!

...AND YOU WANT TO AUDITION FOR A PART IN MY FILM, EH? I'M SORRY, MA'AM— BUT ACTUALLY WE'RE MAKING A LOW BUDGET SEQUEL TO LOUIS MALLE'S PRETTY BABY— AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE FOR THE SUB-INGENUE LEAD. SOMEONE-ER- SHALL WE SAY, YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF. YOU DO UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, MA'AM?
NO PROBLEM, MR. LUDWIG! JUST WAIT A SECOND, AND... GNNGH...
MR. LUDWIG, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DAUGHTER, CAROL. LIKE HER MOM, CAROL HAS SHOW BUSINESS IN HER BLOOD! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE PROPER VEHICLE TO LAUNCH CAROL INTO STARDOM, AND...
HMMM... BROOKE SHIELDS SHE IS NOT.
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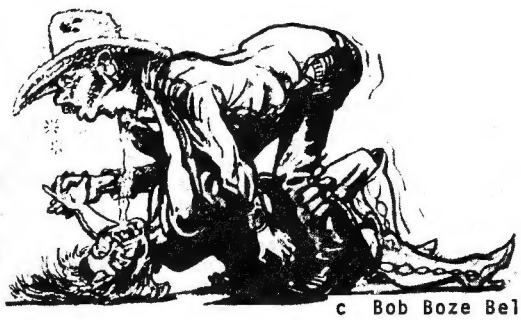
Honkytonk Sue



The Boozers

Their dance style is very fluid, and often resembles a balloon with a bad leak. Perpetually half-crocked, most of their evening is spent dancing on other people's feet.

BEWARE: When in the vicinity of these types never light matches or wear open toed shoes.

c Bob Boze Bell, 1979